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P O E M S

BY

The Rev. HENRY ROWE, LL.B.

Rector of RINGSHALL, in SUFFOLK.

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The Rev<sup>d</sup>. HENRY ROWE, LL.B.

Rector of RINGSHALL in SUFFOLK.

—— Thus with the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n and Morn,  
Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose.

MILTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR:

And sold by T. CADELL jun. and W. DAVIES (Successors  
to Mr. CADELL), in the Strand.

MDCCXCVI.

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THE HENRY HOWARD

OF KINGSLEY HALL

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF

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ON  
A DISTANT VIEW  
OF  
OXFORD:

ADDRESSED TO  
ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq. M.P. LL.D. F.R.S.

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**H**A I L, solemn Pile! that like Olympus \* top,  
Tow'ring beyond competitors in fame,  
First taught my infant Muse t'expand the wing  
And soar above herself! Inspir'd by Thee,

\* Olympus—A mountain in Thessaly, the highest and most beautiful in the world.

VOL. II.

B

With

With contemplation deep, I view that scene  
 Where joy concent'ring ev'ry with sublime  
 Those can re-animate, who 'neath thy shade  
 Hold converse friendly with the tuneful Nine.  
 To Thee, companion of each social hour,  
 When sage improvement guil'd the time away :  
 O deign with me along that flow'ry scene,  
 Where oft we stray'd, to trace the well-known path.  
 Ah ! dazied then life's labyrinthian brake,  
 Sweet mossy bloom'd less thorny than the rose ;  
 Where through a series of indulgent years,  
 In blifs completely steep'd, each day was crown'd,  
 With penfive happiness, with sweet repose. —  
 Whether Religion's cause, 'bove all supreme !  
 Or Senatorial duties claim thy aid,  
 T' assist her councils, or adjust her charms :

Alike

Alike conspicuous, thy beated mind,  
 Unaided by the snowy bleacher's skill,  
 The more expos'd will whiten to the view :  
 Bless'd with each virtue that endears the friend,  
 That speaks the golden attribute of love,  
 That dignifies the character of man.—

Plum'd the rent pinion of my tott'ring muse,  
 Advent'rous flight now courts, like bards inspir'd,  
 Cælestial aid : May the down-feather'd quill,  
 'Tis all I ask, not now with blunted point  
 Disgrace my song ! O thou, by nature form'd  
 To gild th' idea and to feast the thought  
 Of sportive fancy in her richest garb.—  
 My sleeping lyre awaken'd by the theme,  
 With plauded echos round thy vaulted dome,  
 Tunes the more slacken'd chord to strains divine,



Bursting in rhapsody of joy——

To view th' encircled brow pyramidal,

Piercing with sacred spires the rain charg'd cloud.

Hail Alma Mater, nurs'd in fancy's arms,

Sound reason cloth'd in all the pow'r of words

Thy children boast—ah happiest then——

If these my strains, my humbler strains may speak,

The grateful tribute of my filial love.——

No sooner streams of pearly light appear'd,

Fract'ring the dark pavilion of the night,

Clothing the spangled galaxy with grey,

Than Magdalen thy tow'rs Symphonius \*,

With harmony sublime, floating in air,

\* Towers Symphonius—This Tower was erected by Cardinal Wolsey when Burfar of the College, A. D. 1492, and is exceeded by none in Height and Beauty: It contains a musical Peal of ten Bells, and on May Day the Choristers assemble on the Top, in order to usher in the Spring.

Bursting

Bursting the ruffet mantle of the globe,  
 The sonoric sound rose heaven-ward,  
 Rending the habitation of the just;  
 Where in the heav'n of heav'ns th' Almighty reigns  
 Immutable, unbounded, Three in One.  
 Hark! where the Lark brisk flick'ring from her nest,  
 In notes Seraphic tunes her Maker's praise!  
 Foremost in duteous gratitude to join  
 To re-salute the new-born day.—  
 Thus Nature ever wise, best monitor,  
 A lesson gives to an admiring world,  
 Jehovah reigns in ev'ry tribe supreme;  
 Man therefore sins when Nature he deserts,  
 When reason then prevails, let reason guide,  
 Teaching at break of morn, or ev'ning close,  
 Her moral truths as on the mind they rise.

Letter'd the heart thy sons with piety  
 Obey, the Christian standard rear,  
 Blest ensign, emblem of immortal peace,—  
 Impartial joys of rule here mutual shar'd,  
 To win the young affections of the soul,  
 To fire the star that shines divine within,  
 Shooting to sense, proclaim'd the promis'd fruit;  
 Oxford, thy statutes like meridian blaze,  
 Thy mild decrees send forth the law of God;  
 Lighting Heav'n's champions 'gainst a world of sin,  
 Fixing in youth what dignifies the man.—  
 Nature and art alternately abound  
 To grace each varied charm; here high in fame,  
 Christchurch thy walk \* with sov'reign pride erect,

\* Christ Church Walk—A noble and much frequented  
 Walk, upwards of two Furlongs in Length and fifty Feet  
 wide, shaded on each Side with lofty Elms, and command-  
 ing a delightful Prospect of the adjacent Meadows, the River,  
 and the neighbouring Villages.

Strait



Strait as a line in comely order stands  
 Th' embracing foliage of thy lofty trees,  
 Surviving monuments of pleasing woe,  
 Distilling tears that steal in pearls away,  
 Like o'erblown beauties in a storm of grief.  
 Scepter'd the branch, and th' em'rald regal crown,  
 Frowns o'er the loyal plain with sov'reignty,  
 As tho' the thunderbolt of Heav'n defy'd.  
 Scorn'd the cerulean chambers of the sky,  
 Or like a brood of stately swans august,  
 Bending the haughty lengthen'd plumous neck,  
 View their own beauty in the crystal flood.  
 How well thy cool, thy most frequented shade,  
 Suits with retirement and lov'd pensive ease;  
 Henry, thy heights \* majestically roll,

Display'd

\* Henry, thy heights—The College of Christ Church  
 originally founded by Cardinal Wolsey, A. D. 1525, for  
 B 4 the

Display'd along Thames glassy mirror wide——  
 Tumbling thy cit'del leviathantic plays,  
 Reflecting grand thy huge inverted form,  
 And to the marble bottom leads the eye,  
 As with the rich contents deep laden press'd,  
 The placid surface of the bronzed deep;  
 While th' sun laughing glads earth's blooming bosom,  
 And with his kisses sweet deals fragrance round,  
 Pouring down fatness on the daisy'd mead,  
Where

the Support of a Dean, a Sub-dean, one hundred Canons, ten public Readers, thirteen Chaplains, twelve Clerks, sixteen Choristers, besides Officers and Servants; but, while the Cardinal was completing this Design, having actually admitted eighteen Canons, about the Year 1529 he fell into Disgrace; when King Henry the Eighth seized upon the Foundation, which he suspended till the Year 1532, and then re-established it under the Name of Henry the Eighth's College, for one Dean and twelve Canons. This Foundation however the same King suppressed A. D. 1545; but the next Year he removed hither the Episcopal See, first established in Oseney Abbey, a dissolved Augustine Monastery near the Suburbs of Oxford, A. D. 1542, and constituted a Dean, eight Canons, eight Chaplains; eight Clerks, eight Choristers, and

Where Isis rolls her cool meand'ring wave  
 Translucent, saluting flowery banks——  
 Whether I most delight in these thy streams,  
 Or breeze soft temper'd, or to climb the hill,  
 Where Shotover \* thy gale salubrious  
 Woos like Parnassus mount th' enraptur'd mind,  
 To court the blooming Sisters in the morn,  
 Inviting all to wholesome exercise,  
 Breathing the breath of rosy tinctur'd health,  
 Redd'ning the cheek disease might render pale,  
 Yielding to age remembrance of their youth,  
 Inspired breeze! that gave superior glow

and an Organist, together with sixty Students and forty Grammar Scholars, the latter of which were converted by Queen Elizabeth into Academical Students, commanding at the same Time that their Vacancies should be supplied from Westminster School.

\* Shotover—A Hill in the Vicinity of Oxford, remarkable for the Salubrity of its Air, and from whence appears a sublime View of the University.

That



That swell'd the note that fir'd th' Immortal Bard \*,  
 Who sang of Eden and its blest abode.  
 Meanwhile the scene diversify'd attracts  
 The satiate vision glutt'd with delight.—  
 Knowledge e'er budding how profuse the store,  
 Joins hand in hand t' unite the jocund dance,  
 T' alleviate th' habiliments of spring :—  
 By slow degrees improving on the fight,  
 Mosaic columns burst in glory forth,  
 Capping the wide dominion of the skies,  
 Pointing the azure frontispiece of Heav'n,  
 Till in th' wide expanse, like masts exalted,  
 Threat'ning the hostile lines of other fleets,  
 The boundless ocean wraps the whole in night.—

\* Immortal Bard—Milton, one of the finest Epic Poets  
 the World ever produced, derived his Descent from an an-  
 cient Family in Oxfordshire.

Blest

Blest spot! an abler pen than mine demands:  
 Fairest approv'd of all thy sister train;  
 When first the ravish'd eye thy beauties caught,  
 Gardens and walks and palaces arose,  
 As though the pow'r of some enchanter had  
 Touch'd the vast circle with his magic wand;  
 Herbs of all scents, and flow'rs of ev'ry hue,  
 Whether medicinal or botanic search,  
 To please the fancy or to feast the sense  
 With healing fragrance or balsamic sweets.  
 The bloom of Flora or Linnæan quest,  
 In walks diagonal present retreats,  
 Sacred to silence and improving toil.  
 At the Piërian fount to copious quaff  
 The stream of Wisdom, or the charms of Art.  
 — Not distant far o'er yonder levell'd lawn,

Godstow

Godflow thy bow'r \* proclaims a Monarch's love,  
 With honeysuckles wild the bearded mouth,  
 In winding mazes mix'd with moss and briar,  
 Entice the virgin woo'd, or sprightly youth,  
 To the still shelter of thy leafy screen,  
 Where pastime inn'cent, or a kingly tale,  
 Invites the curious trav'ler to repose ;  
 Impervious in its narrow winding path,  
 To more than one a single footstep fill'd  
 The passage up—ah Rosamond †, fairest  
 Tho' all were fair, thy bloom unenvied,  
 Could not e'en rest within thy lonely shade.—  
 Dread worm that canc'rous preys, nor even spares  
 The meek, the modest lilly of the vale ;

\* Rosamond's Bower—The once concealed Residence of that unfortunate Lady some have supposed extended to Godflow, through a Vale of intricate Paths from the Palace at Woodstock.

† Rosamond, commonly stiled Fair Rosamond, the Mistress of King Henry the Second.

No



No wonder then with unrelenting force  
 Pursu'd the fav'rite mistress of a King!  
 The tender object of a Sov'reign's flame,  
 Which Henry own'd, a zeal no toil subdu'd,  
 Led by a thread, a thread her fingers wove \*,  
 Not finer that which proud Arachne † spun,  
 Or cross'd the meadows glist'ning in the dew.—  
 Sublimely led thus winds the cover'd way  
 Along the margin of the silver Thames.  
 The fragrant breeze mild flutt'ring thro' the glade,  
 The purling stream serenely whisp'ring love,  
 Provok'd to slumber with their gentle fall,  
 Tuning the heart to solitude and joy;  
 Till time, alas! stern foe to beauty's cheek,

\* A Clue of Thread that conducted through a Labyrinth  
 of extraordinary Contrivance.

† Arachne—A Lydian Virgin, turned into a Spider for  
 contending with Minerva in the Art of spinning.

Cropt

Cropt the moss rose upon th' eve of 'blowing ;  
 Eleanor \* the passage jealous found,  
 And with an envious hand the deadly bowl,  
 Riffled the blossom of her polish'd skin.——  
 Albion the virtuous splendor of thy throne,  
 Diffusing radiance round superbly boast  
 A race alike illustrious as they're great,  
 Studious to merit, claim a nation's love.——

Imperious ignorance with haughty strides,  
 No longer stalks, noon-day the darken'd paths,  
 The bridal lamp of godlike reason shines  
 Dilated through the dissipated mist,  
 Which clogg'd th' wheel of human understanding  
 Which Euclid's Elements reveal'd, which Locke †  
 Thy

\* Eleanor, Queen of Henry the Second.

† John Locke, one of the greatest Men that England ever  
 produced, was born at Wrington in Somersetshire on the  
 29th

Thy Logick taught with emanation bright,  
 Guiding the courſes of revolving worlds,  
 To riſe from Nature up to Nature's God——  
 Various the ſtructures and illumin'd men,  
 That here might claim juſt tribute from the Muſe :  
 Here thy lov'd Radcliffe \* gave the rich remains  
 Of ancient Greece and Rome, Rotunda grand !

29th of September 1632, and in 1651 became a Student of Chriſt Church College Oxford, where he ſtudied Phyſick : His Works are well known among the Learned, and as univerſally admired.—He died on the 28th of October, in the 73d Year of his Age, having taken leave of his Friends with the greateſt Compoſure the Evening before his Diſſolution.

\* Doctor John Radcliffe—A very eminent Phyſician, was born at Wakefield in Yorkſhire, in the Year 1650, and ſtudied at Oxford, where he died on the 1ſt of November 1714, bequeathing the principal Part of his Eſtate to the Univerſity of Oxford, to which he was a munificent Benefactor. He left ſeveral hundred Pounds per Annum to be employed in the Improvement of Phyſic, together with various other Sums for the Benefit of its reſpective Societies, and Forty thouſand Pounds for building the Library that now bears his Name, and which is a complete Pattern of Elegance and Grandeur.

Recording



Recording actions of the brave and good.  
 Bright'ning those paths which indolence made dark,  
 Scepticks now tremble, and the Atheist yields,  
 If such did e'er exist, nor longer dares  
 At death to laugh, altho' with fear he dies.—

Genius, the generative soul of things,  
 Here vegetates; here charms the placid mind.  
 As tho' renewing the prolific taste  
 Of Heav'n-born Science, Nature's substitute,  
 Seems here enthron'd; whether sublime we trace  
 The master's pencil in a Raphael's sketch,  
 The tinctur'd glass or consecrated isle,  
 Where God's own altar hails the Lord of Life;  
 Where the well judg'd design immortal glows  
 With bliss divine, and soft angelick blush

Inspiring

Inspiring man : The Deity within  
 Perceives, unaided by the painter's skill,  
 Delineation faint of Saints above.  
 Yet, though convinc'd, with admiration feels  
 The force of reason with the flow'rs of art.—

Bacon thy study \* tott'ring o'er the brink,  
 Betrays that time resistless bears the fway,  
 Tells where the stars you counted in their orb,  
 The blazing comet : Paley, Queen of night,  
 Wheeling the axle of the whirling earth.—

Flash'd from the pen, as light'ning from the mind,  
 Dun Scotus †, ever memorable sage,

\* Bacon thy study—Formerly the Observatory of that  
 ancient Philosopher.

† Dun Scotus—A learned Disputant educated at Oxford,  
 and who is generally believed to have died while translating  
 the last Page of some religious Work, in consequence of his  
 having made a rash Vow that he would abstain from all kind  
 of Nourishment, till he had completed the Design.

Riff'd e'en death's inhospitable court ;  
 Th' adamantine prison he despised,  
 Breaking th' unwieldy chain——  
 Lab'ring with life each sentiment became,  
 Like fountain pure, an overflowing stream,  
 That to the fev'rish trav'ler quencheth thirst ;  
 Each thought a fruitful womb : Alas ! rash vow,  
 T' abstain from food till the volum'nous page,  
 By him translated, should in time become  
 A lasting treasure to some future age !——  
 Through darken'd paths he ne'er once lost his way.  
 At length with copious study worn quite out,  
 Heaving beneath the pressing load of thought,  
 The vital flame, when closing the last page,  
 Scarce twinkled in the socket ; waning th' eye,  
 Sense fled before him ; what he touch'd he froze,  
 Yet loth so soon to die—Grasping the pen,

Soft



Soft figh'd his soul away.——

Grand proof of immortality! axiom clear!

For that which kills the worn decayed trunk,

Deprives not man of reason or of sense,

Nay frequent strongest at the point of death!——

Futurity, with arm extended wide,

Shall catch each virtue mounting from the dust,

Should then, angelic like, thy fav'rite sons

Still hover round, to mark with partial eye

This their long lov'd, their wonted darling spot,

May they not hear one univerfal knell

Sound from Great Tom \* to Cam's pellucid shore,

Wailing the letter'd remnants of the dead.—

May they not see Philosophy in tears

Brooding o'er grief, and solitary fit

\* Great Tom—A remarkable large Bell formerly brought from Osney Abbey.

Weeping around the monumental urn

That holds the ashes of an only child.——

The gilded planet now rich blushing couch'd,

Night drew the curtain o'er the garish day.——



*O D E*

FOR THE YEAR 1794.



C 3



118

—————

O D E

FOR THE DEAR

—————

O — D E

FOR THE YEAR 1794.

## I.

**W**HILE years revolving mightier deeds display,  
 Eager we rise to greet the coming day,  
 When ancient chivalry, of old rever'd,  
 Spreads its bale influence thro' the motley herd.  
 Wide were her conquests, undisturb'd her fame,  
 And e'en the barren waste ador'd the name;  
 Her chiefs were honour'd, their designs so bold,  
 The tale believ'd before the tale was told;

New clad in armour each more frantic knight,  
 Warm'd the rude soul to gladden at the fight ;  
 Such were the days of yore——  
 Till Albion by her sea-girt nymphs rever'd,  
 Thro' superstition's void serenely steer'd,  
 Steer'd uncontroll'd, as tho' by Heav'n design'd,  
 To raise her empire, humanize mankind.  
 O'er ocean's wide expanse she led the way,  
 And taught e'en ruder nations to obey,  
 Her prosp'rous bark majestic rode on high,  
 Rock'd on the billows to salute the sky ;  
 The northern compass, the more ready breeze,  
 Directs thro' shoals of ice to unknown seas,  
 Fame swell'd her canvass to the distant shore,  
 And on Cook's \* pennant blaz'd the word, explore.

\* Captain Cook—a celebrated Navigator.

Britannia,



II.

Britannia, genial Goddess, hail,  
 Now wake to triumph, fan the gale,  
 As of old renown'd in story,  
 Crown thy native isle with glory;  
 Summon ev'ry watery god,

Aloft in air,

The trident rear,

Europe, congeal'd and palsied o'er,

Thy mighty prowess shall applaud,

Disdain the shore,

A prey to rapine and to fraud.

Blast the coarse harmonious shell,

Proclaim each vile usurper's knell;

Let it be known

On Britain's throne,

The People and the King are one.

In

III.

In vain shall envying realms divide,  
 The mountain swell the rolling tide,  
 By Heaven ordain'd——  
 An host——  
 Our liberties to guard——  
 Secure——  
 Firm as the rock endure——  
 And smile at all the thunder on our coast,

IV.

Peace for a time the nervous chord unstrung,  
 Yet not relax'd when mock tribunals dare,  
 Dare unprovok'd to brave us to the field.  
 Say, shall the philosophic mind believe  
 An age enlightened?——  
 Shall not th' historian of some future page,  
 Stain with unheard of cruelties the age?

Shall

Shall modern times  
 Increase in crimes,  
 Nature deface,  
 All good debase,  
 Torn from its centre ev'ry blessing given,  
 Piercing with groans the canopy of Heav'n.  
 Virtues exalted, as untimely born,  
 Now wander thro' the storm-drench'd night forlorn.—  
 Britons awake! A cause divine  
 Shall make thy glitt'ning armour shine,  
 Leading to battle thy victorious bands,  
     Vengeance awaits,  
     Unbarr'd the gates,  
 The foes of justice are the foes of God.—  
 Let martial musick then at once declare  
 Britannia great in peace, magnanimous in war;

Let



Let the shrill trumpet speak, new string the lyre,  
Angelick sounds reverb'rate in the quire.

Let the full chorus join,

In harmony divine,

Burst in mellifluent tones the ambient air.

The Dove from Heaven descends,

The olive bough,

Hov'ring she places on the Monarch's brow ;

Array'd in majesty transcendent bright,

Of peace the Sovereign crown'd, yet ready for the fight.

The cradled hero, elemental child,

Elated gives the streamer to the wind,

Nor can Britannia's more unpolish'd son,

Rest unconcern'd before the battle's won :

Haste, the laurell'd offering bring,

Let the high dome resound

A Patriot King.

Glorious

## V.

Glorious island, gifts possessing,  
 Yet unknown full half thy blessing;  
 The village peasant born to toil,  
 Enraptur'd hugs his native soil,  
 At eve his daily labour done,  
 View whistling down the setting sun;  
 Enrich'd the mind retires to bed,  
 Sole Monarch of his humble shed,  
 Content each earthly gift surveys,  
 A free born subject ends his days.  
 Yet hold ———

Our Champion, the renown'd Saint George,

Forbids a triumph,  
 Bids England mourn,  
 Nay mourn a rival too.—

A King ———

No

No more ———

Man was not born to censure but deplore ;

Then muffled be the drum. ———

VI.

Gallia, alas, thy lilies doom'd to fade,  
 Pluck'd by rude hands, now drooping in the shade ;  
 Though bursting clusters should their honours yield,  
 Strewing with purple the more cultur'd field,  
 Licentious Liberty the most accurs'd,  
 May e'en in fruitful vineyards pant for thirst.  
 Gay sprightly land of indolence and ease,  
 Thy gentler manners Nature form'd to please.  
 May thy dread fate demand a Britain's care,  
 And deign as just the tributary tear.

VII.

Deluded France, thy greatness cross'd,  
 Thy gaudy scenes of empire lost,

Like



Like wanton funs, a feeble ray  
 Scatters the faint remains of day.  
 Hark ! the very Heavens reprove  
 The too great ardour of thy love ;  
 Cherish'd by thee, new profelytes arose,  
 Humanity's more deadly foes ——

Religion totters, and the crofs on high,  
 Now doom'd to fave, and now to heave the figh.  
 The Gothic arch which lately rent the air,  
 At mafs the morning, or at ev'ning prayer ;  
 The fretted cloifter, the funereal pile,  
 A rabble crew with facrilege defile.  
 Quench'd is each latent fpark, that facred fire  
 Which warm'd the holy Prelate with defire,  
 Despoil'd his lands, and drench'd in kindred blood,  
 Views rites polluted in a crimson flood.——

Thy

## VIII.

Thy standard, Great Britain, shall firm as the rock,  
 Repel ev'ry foe that would give it a shock ;  
 While th' sturdy bark'd oak, as with overcharg'd rind,  
 With balsam most healing shall flow for mankind.  
 To th' good and the virtuous will yield her increase,  
 The full horn of plenty, the olive of Peace.  
 Then brace the hoarse kettle drum, legions advance,  
 Britannia again shall be seated in France ;  
 Thy cause is so just, Heaven owns it so pure,  
 Bright Cherubs shall urge on your troops to the war.  
 Still thy throne, O Britain, each sorrow will feel,  
 And lift up the wretch e'er commanded to kneel.

## IX.

Happy, happy Albion, thou  
 Securely may thy oxen plough,  
 On daised mead thy shepherds stray,  
 Beneath, O maiden moon, thy ray.

'Tis

'Tis Liberty inspires ——

Best gift alone ——

The aged Sire bequeaths the son,

Nor thinks the boon too small,

Which poverty itself defies,

Which gives to reason's sons their noblest prize,

And lends to Nature's charms and labour'd art,

A patriot passion nearest to the heart.—

Like as the babe with sudden fear oppress'd,

Trembling clings closer to the mother's breast,

With suction full now wakes from short repose,

Breathes the free air, and carols as he goes.—

In Freedom's stream thus Britain's subjects lave,

Baffling, like hoary cliff, the loud sea wave ;

While each more mild returning years increase,

Shall hail the land of Liberty and Peace.



— This liberty implies —

— Best gift alone —

The aged Sir, bestowing the form

Not thinks the form too small

Which liberty well defines

Which gives to reason's form their noblest place

And leads to Nature's charms and labour's art

A portion portion seems to the heart —

I like as the babe with mother's form appears

Feeling close to the mother's breast

With father's form new wakes from infant's sleep

Breast the free air, and comes to the green

In freedom's form from Nature's labours free

Rolling, the form of the world's wave

Which man made from Nature's form

And the form of the world's wave

Vol. 1

ON  
THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

3  
5

THE FAMILY OF HUMAN BEINGS



ON  
THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

*EX TEMPORE.*

---

I.

**W**retched Children, sprung from dust,  
Why ordain'd a race to run,  
Wanton sport of ev'ry gust,  
Wherefore born to see the fun.

II.

Mothers joyful hear us grieve,  
Joy to hear the infant cry,  
Early taught the heart to heave,  
Instinct bids the Babe to sigh.

III.

Whither thus unkindly led,

Toss'd on shore by tempests hurld,

Naked thrown from Nature's bed,

Shipwreck'd on a cruel world.

IV.

Weeping eyes imploring aid,

Ripe for hatching broke the shell,

Helpless in the apron laid,

What thy fate, ah! who can tell?

V.

Hours we live, alas! how few!

Some, perchance, may last to age,

Thousands chill'd by morning dew,

Drooping quit the flow'ry stage.

Vain

VI.

Vain are triumphs, vainer tears,  
 Dangers seen we cannot shun,  
 Childish cares and useless fears,  
 Pave the chequer'd path along.

VII.

Ages long, yet short the date,  
 Idly counted, simply vain,  
 Tho' we court them will not wait,  
 Sprinkling pleasure o'er with pain.

VIII.

Fortune suited to the will,  
 May the picture set upright;  
 Great or little, restless still,  
 Fades the golden burnish'd light.



IX.

Riches winged fly away,  
 What can then from wealth accrue,  
 Unless while they deign to stay,  
 Faith they give the wand'ring Jew.

X.

Ev'n what men may wish for most,  
 Greedy grasp'd the shining ore,  
 In the gay possession lost,  
 Misers pining think they're poor.

XI.

Vain the fev'rish passions height,  
 Thro' each sluice a torrent pours,  
 Lov'd at noon, despis'd at night,  
 Slak'd altho' with ambient show'rs.

First

XII.

First of blessings in its bloom,  
What like health can give us ease;  
Health itself may soon become,  
Health, for want of change, disease.

XIII.

Pleasure soft by ease obtain'd,  
Now extatic running o'er;  
Now enjoy'd, wearies gain'd,  
Drove degraded out of door.

XIV.

Basking tho' in sunshine days,  
Still to comfort vain pretence;  
Wisdom oft herself betrays,  
Others smile at her expence.

Time

XV.

Time that's past we can't recall,  
 Swallow'd in an endless deep;  
 That to come, not yet at all,  
 Rests in everlasting sleep.

XVI.

Years through midst of dangers gone,  
 Dead we are to those we liv'd;  
 All that's left, a deep'ned groan  
 Tells us we have yet surviv'd.

XVII.

Shortly Beings turn'd to clay,  
 Ev'n a cent'ry own a span,  
 Tells, tho' long, how short the day,  
 Proves the fickle state of man.

Miserable



XVIII.

Miserable world, alas,

Sadly is this story true ;

Flesh indeed is merely grass,

Pride was not design'd for you.

XIX.

Good and bad by turns affail,

Ah ! the good it would not stay,

Sudden rose the boist'rous gale,

Sudden drove the pearl away.

XX.

If in childhood we escape,

On we pass to daring youth ;

Still mischance in ev'ry shape,

Proves of moral ills the truth.

Joy,

XXI.

Joy, thy streamlet smoothly glides,  
 Still our doom in ambush lies ;  
 Murm'ring now departing tides  
 Tell the wretch he surely dies.

XXII.

Tho' by strange success awhile  
 Fate delay'd be not yet come ;  
 Vain the snowy beard shall smile,  
 White with sorrow to the tomb.

XXIII.

Ghostly death, thy bleak controll  
 Winters all our youthful spring ;  
 Sattin'd as the delving Mole,  
 Sable as the Raven's wing.

Low'ring

XXIV.

Low'ring clouds the fair deform,  
 Tears thro' April suns in show'rs,  
 Shew of grief a beauteous storm,  
 Deck the grave with loveliest flow'rs.

XXV.

Fault'ring fix'd the closing eye,  
 Wealth must leave its gem behind,  
 Rich and Poor condemn'd to die,  
 Soon or late weak man will find.

XXVI.

Babes from mothers breasts are rent,  
 Rev'rence quits the stooping age,  
 Ills to suffer never meant,  
 Spoiling with resistless rage.

Could



XXVII.

Could mankind but live in peace,  
 Know the fruitless pain to spare,  
 Man would know that the disease,  
 Know the world, not worth his care.

XXVIII.

Yet the busy man must find,  
 Find a time to leave his breath;  
 All employment left behind,  
 Heirs to life must yield to death.

XXIX.

This I see and forely weep,  
 Humbled feel myself afraid;  
 Thinking all the cup of sleep,  
 All must drink and all must fade.

Nature

XXX.

Nature must itself be drown'd,  
 Who can tell what man how soon,  
 When the trumpet's dreadful sound,  
 Lights the darken'd grave to noon.

XXXI.

Health with us this hour may dwell,  
 Laughing midst the jovial crowd;  
 Hark! the next the fatal knell,  
 Children weeping round a shroud.

XXXII.

Grief that awful cannot speak,  
 Bids to friends a last adieu,  
 Whisp'ring tells the heart to break;  
 Souls prepare, Death's made for you.

Clogg'd

XXXIII.

Clogg'd the wearied wheel of life,

Hope becomes a steady friend,

More than Father, Mother, Wife,

More than all the world can send.

XXXIV.

Grieve not then, the crowd will talk,

Seldom though as we deserve ;

For the line they choose to chalk

Tends alone themselves to serve.

XXXV.

Though frail bodies, out of fight,

May on earth be known no more,

Yet may virtuous deeds excite,

Deeds though past enrich the store.

Such



XXXVI.

Such bequeath'd from fire to son,  
These, if good, best worth our pains ;  
Then, what tho' the mortal gone,  
Still th' immortal man remains.

XXXVII.

High by Hosts Angelick blest,  
Chang'd you'll greet the new abode,  
Crown'd with peace, eternal rest,  
Man beholds his Christ and God.

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ON THE DEATH OF A PARROT.

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O N

## THE DEATH OF A PARROT.

**A**H! pretty, pretty Poll, alas! no more  
 Thy song detains the stranger at the door;  
 No more age whisp'ring with dejected tread,  
 Smiles on thy cage to catch thy falling bread,  
 Or dropp'd a tartlet, or a chicken bone,  
 Which Mrs. Betty cook'd for thee alone.

Oft too, when northern blasts deep blust'ring loud  
 Wav'd their dark banner o'er the southern cloud,  
 Poll pitying cast, if casual passing by,  
 A lump of sugar to the infant's cry;  
 For know, that Poll was by mere instinct taught,  
 What man's more cultur'd mind had rarely wrought;  
 No trust she e'er betray'd, no boon forgot,  
 Nor bow'd her head to those she valued not;  
 Scorn'd for a bribe the pencil'd wing t' extend,  
 Or virtue barter to obtain a friend,  
 Scorn'd too against her conscience to revolt,  
 And change opinion as she chang'd her moult;  
 Still tho' in plumage, as refinement first,  
 The gaudy tulip seeks its native dust,  
 Disease, occasion'd by luxurious food,  
 Baffled the pow'r of med'cine to do good,

Her



Her Grace prescrib'd ; th' Apothecary came,  
 Thrice smelt the amber of his headed cane,  
 But all his saline mixture prov'd in vain. }  
 Two cardamums the kind Sir Peter gave,  
 Which sav'd, he said, his Polly from the grave.—  
 The Doctor next, of regular degree,  
 Fearing offence, reluctant took his fee ;  
 But all avail'd not, for lo ! sad to tell,  
 Poll in my Lady's lap expiring fell.  
 Cards of condolence ev'ry morning came,  
 The sneering varlet took the passing name,  
 While the more lordly Porter at the gate,  
 In copied grandeur indolently fate.  
 The knocker muffled, and the straw new laid,  
 The Rector hop'd my Lady brought to bed, }  
 But found, chagrin'd, his fav'rite pupil dead.

For Poll, as well as French, could fluent speak,  
 Latin as Ovid, or as Homer, Greek :  
 But what Logician dare attempt to prove,  
 Ev'n for the sake of argumental love,  
 Dare that exploded system to pursue,  
 That rev'rence knows not where respect is due.  
 Scarce an hour pass'd my Lady's woman brought,  
 Almost as constant as the febrile draught,  
 Some epitaph, or sad funereal strain,  
 For which, alas! the Bard disturb'd his brain ;  
 Commanded next, with feeble tone she read  
 The feeling couplet near her Lady's bed,  
 The copious meaning urg'd the starting brine,  
 The tear fast trickling blotted out the line ;  
 Fault'ring she spoke, nor longer could rehearse,  
 The sense perverted, and eclips'd the verse ;

Reach

Reach me this instant, Child, my Lady cry'd,  
 My Bergamot,—how charmingly apply'd!  
 He's a good creature thus to sooth the smart,  
 To lull the sob that rends my aching heart;  
 To wreath with cypress my dejected mind,  
 The breath of kindness to the breeze unkind.  
 A pause ensu'd: reflecting on the song,  
 That whim'ring led the last dull hour along.  
 Sudden Fidelle, alike my Lady's care,  
 Whin'd in full concert 'neath the elbow chair;  
 Ah poor Fidelle, Fidelle half blind with age,  
 In missing Polly from the well-known cage,  
 In strong hystericks, turning round and o'er,  
 Fell as tho' lifeless on the Turkey floor.  
 Eleven long years last Valentine had past,  
 Since th' ermine Pet was on the sofa cast.

In



In ferv'tude faithful, as affection, old,  
 Had ta'en this day magnesia for a cold ;  
 Cruel neglect ! for when last put to bed,  
 Forgot the sheet to cover o'er her head.  
 The time now come, for all who love should know,  
 There's decency in grief as well as show ;  
 John, Will, and Thomas, down to stable Dick,  
 No longer idle, miss their Lady, sick.  
 Now here, now there, now running to and fro,  
 From Tyburn turnpike to more dull Soho.  
 Present th' accustom'd billet of parade,  
 With many thanks for all enquiries made ;  
 This serv'd t' announce my Lady was at home,  
 The grief subsided and the fever gone.  
 Straight from the hour of breakfast, two till four,  
 Incessant roll'd the thunder at the door ;

The

The curt'fy low, the fympathizing thought,  
 Electric round the brilliant circle caught,  
 That help'd the fold grey mantled to destroy,  
 The line of sorrow loft in plaits of joy ;

While, like a garden breathing rich perfume,  
 When April show'rs reveal the modest bloom,  
 The civet toilet od'rates all the room.

Prevailing fashions next objections meet,  
 Some thought defective, others more complete ;  
 My Lady soon a sov'reign pow'r perceiv'd,  
 Her nerves recruited, and her mind reliev'd ;  
 Soon found the world had charms above difeafe,  
 By grief occafion'd to difturb her peace ;  
 Soon found her fpirits perfectly reftor'd,  
 Poor Poll forgotten, and again abroad.

The curfew low, the (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
Electric round the bellman's (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
That help'd the fold grey mantle to (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
The line of sorrow toll in (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
While like a golden (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
When April shows to (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
The (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
Faintly (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
Some (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
My (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
Her (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
Good (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
My (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
The (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)  
The (faintly) (faintly) (faintly)



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THE POET'S LAMENTATION.

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THE POLYMER LAMINATION

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# THE POET'S LAMENTATION.

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**P**ARDON th' ambition of an humble friend,  
 Who fain with Bards the flowing tear would blend,  
 Like some small riv'let that is proud to name  
 Its nameless water with the rapid Thame.  
 What tho' the Muses Nine the cradle rock,  
 Tho' numbers sprout spontaneous from the stock,  
 Yet e'en in childhood dawning oft appears,  
 A destin'd fate foreseen in tender years;  
 Born under Saturn's less auspicious rays,  
 Yon star, tho' bright, a fun'ral torch displays;

Vain



Vain then Bœotia's consecrated height,  
 Gives her fam'd children Heliconian \* light,  
 Where Bards inspir'd their silver pinions plume,  
 Bearing through flaming æther rich perfume;  
 Aurora greeting in his eastern road,  
 Soaring from earth to Heaven's sublime abode.  
 Now Persian-like invoke the rising sun,  
 Nor ceasing praise till western fires begun,  
 Shews Sol his golden glorious race had run;  
 Hailing at morn the infant coming day,  
 At eve adoring the rich burnish'd way.  
 Yet wealth to babes may years of joy infuse,  
 Want to the poor, but hours, and those they loose.  
 What earthly pow'r can man, when naked hurl'd,  
 Secure against misfortunes and the world.

\* Helicon—A famous Mountain of Bœotia dedicated to Apollo and the Muses.

Tho' things, 'tis true, impossible to thought,  
 Have been by need to full perfection brought,  
 Yet vainly Bards, if fortune is not near,  
 Course the bright stars, or travel round the year.  
 With worldly cares the mind full fore oppress,  
 Like fields lies fallow in inglorious rest ;  
 Each hour like bird the toil, some fatal snare  
 Bids cowards fly, or else for death prepare,  
 Trials untaught to shun, too frail to bear.  
 The world with glitt'ring billows roughly flows,  
 The shining dust in sad corruption glows ;  
 Mischiefs from hence as num'rous as the sand,  
 Made virtue suffer, then gave vice command.  
 The love of wealth to virtuous deeds gives way,  
 The love of gold here bears the only sway ;

The thoughts of getting limes the fordid breast,  
 The care of keeping still allows no rest.  
 Famine the roof with meagre aspect haunts,  
 Now starves with plenty, now in affluence wants.  
 This Heav'n design'd to shew a strict regard,  
 To shew th' unfeeling meet their just reward ;  
 Not but the world may sometimes kind appear,  
 Which Nature witness'd when she gave a tear.  
 Learn then in time that more substantial food,  
 That feeds the mind with means of doing good ;  
 Convinc'd where virtuous actions cease t' inspire,  
 Men here forlorn provoke themselves the fire ;  
 Though poor, resign'd, I feel in ev'ry state,  
 I bear with patience, nor repine at fate ;  
 Wretched by day, I loath the hours till night,  
 Tell ev'ry clock, and watch the wasting light ;

Anxious



Anxious to hear, with pleasure to relate,  
 Each sorrow past, for joy ne'er comes too late.  
 What Heav'n decrees no prudence can prevent,  
 For blessings here are only blessings lent.  
 Thus reigns alternate varied good and ill,  
 And these by turns necessitate the will;  
 With storms impetuous, lo! abruptly driv'n,  
 The bad our own, the good the act of Heav'n:  
 Man then with all his knowledge still offends,  
 When human good on human will depends,  
 When men by nature frail and prone to sin,  
 Find weeds o'erpow'r the purer plant within;  
 Find hunger, thirst, imprisonment, and pain,  
 Condemn'd to feel, and guiltless oft sustain.  
 Tho' clad in virtue like a coat of mail,  
 The best may suffer, and the bad prevail.

Alas, the Poet ! hard indeed it seems,  
 That all thy loyal verse, poetick dreams,  
 Thy country's champion, and thy loftier strains,  
 Should sing the song of Liberty in chains !  
 Uncharitable thought, to scandal prone,  
 How rare the world makes others woes their own.  
 Cenforious beings loud alarms will beat,  
 Eager to hear, and cruel to repeat ;  
 A thoroughfare of news like venom flies,  
 Things never heard, or mingled truth with lies ;  
 If harden'd creditors my substance seiz'd,  
 I promis'd them no more than I believ'd.  
 What must I feel to view the hopeful youth,  
 Of manners gentle, and impress'd by truth ;  
 When early watch'd, when reason first began,  
 When dawn'd the promise of a finish'd man ?

What

What must I feel to view him share the grief,  
 Full rude the wind that furls the sapling leaf ;  
 Alike I view with ever anxious thought,  
 Each other hope, not less sublimely taught ;  
 Tho' of frail life the bitter cup I drink,  
 Too proud to beg, almost too poor to think ;  
 Yet blest'd beyond my hope, my sumptuous board,  
 My children yield me more than worlds afford ;  
 Still it should seem the Babe but newly born,  
 To heave the sigh, to brook the deadly thorn,  
 Instead of garment of the purest white,  
 Should wear alone the solemn robe of night.  
 Can I forget when Heav'n look'd down benign,  
 Benignant made my Eloisa mine ;  
 Ah ! Eloisa, no ! thy pious works,  
 Heav'n's record tells, nor there in secret lurks,



While here those charms which most embellish life,  
 Blaze in the parent, and adorn the wife;  
 Each thought an honour to her earthly stage,  
 Herself a pattern for the rising age:  
 In silent woe a tender part she bore,  
 And shar'd with all her heart near all her store.  
 Oft have I seen her turn her head aside,  
 Left seen perchance what shame might wish to hide.  
 Oft has she sooth'd the naked wand'ers moan,  
 'Neath yon lone hedge where wept an only son:  
 Ah! think not ever poverty to blame;  
 For know, tho' poor, still Nature shines the same;  
 Or when descending rains have sorely beat,  
 Half drown'd the bantling, hoary frore with fleet,  
 Or fleecy show'rs entomb'd the snowy arm,  
 Or hail thick patt'ring broke the infant calm:

Then has her bosom heav'd with th' inward tear,  
 Soft it there flow'd, and ever flow'd sincere,  
 Say, shall e'en time, that ever rolling ball,  
 That shad'wy casts a darken'd veil on all,  
 Say, can it rase reflection from the mind !  
 The only vestige Love has left behind .  
 Can recollection fail, when down her cheek  
 Pearls swept the damask o'er her lily neck !  
 When Nature's tyrant pale as death arose,  
 And rudely snatch'd, ah me ! her bosom rose,  
 Like some fair daff'dil sweet reclin'd her head,  
 As newly mown from off the grassy bed.  
 Transplanted hence where suns eternal shine,  
 Where all that's good, with all that blooms entwine,  
 Methinks I see thee, bright celestial Maid,  
 All orient ent'ring the Almighty shade ;

While deep impress'd thy deeds shall e'er remain,  
 Thy life of innocence without a stain.  
 Hail then that peace which Heav'n alone can give,  
 Which taught to die e'er others learn'd to live.  
 Calm'd then the thought and hush'd the heaving sob,  
 That fain the soul would of its reason rob,  
 'Twas Heav'n's command, 'twas Heav'n recall'd the  
 [prize,  
 Recall'd thee spotless to thy native skies.  
 If then, dear shade, belov'd in realms above,  
 You view the piety of parental love;  
 If still imbib'd those feelings upon earth,  
 That spoke an angel when it gave thee birth;  
 Assist each good design, and oh! impart  
 A ray of comfort to the stricken heart.

Tell



Tell us you reign in Heav'n supremely blest,

Enjoy the mansions of eternal rest ;

Tell us, obedient to your Maker's will,

You are to us a Guardian Angel still.

11-11-11  
I'll answer you in 15-20-30-45-60-75-90-105-120-135-150-165-180-195-210-225-240-255-270-285-300-315-330-345-360-375-390-405-420-435-450-465-480-495-510-525-540-555-570-585-600-615-630-645-660-675-690-705-720-735-750-765-780-795-810-825-840-855-870-885-900-915-930-945-960-975-990-1005-1020-1035-1050-1065-1080-1095-1110-1125-1140-1155-1170-1185-1200-1215-1230-1245-1260-1275-1290-1305-1320-1335-1350-1365-1380-1395-1410-1425-1440-1455-1470-1485-1500-1515-1530-1545-1560-1575-1590-1605-1620-1635-1650-1665-1680-1695-1710-1725-1740-1755-1770-1785-1800-1815-1830-1845-1860-1875-1890-1905-1920-1935-1950-1965-1980-1995-2010-2025-2040-2055-2070-2085-2100-2115-2130-2145-2160-2175-2190-2205-2220-2235-2250-2265-2280-2295-2310-2325-2340-2355-2370-2385-2400-2415-2430-2445-2460-2475-2490-2505-2520-2535-2550-2565-2580-2595-2610-2625-2640-2655-2670-2685-2700-2715-2730-2745-2760-2775-2790-2805-2820-2835-2850-2865-2880-2895-2910-2925-2940-2955-2970-2985-3000-3015-3030-3045-3060-3075-3090-3105-3120-3135-3150-3165-3180-3195-3210-3225-3240-3255-3270-3285-3300-3315-3330-3345-3360-3375-3390-3405-3420-3435-3450-3465-3480-3495-3510-3525-3540-3555-3570-3585-3600-3615-3630-3645-3660-3675-3690-3705-3720-3735-3750-3765-3780-3795-3810-3825-3840-3855-3870-3885-3900-3915-3930-3945-3960-3975-3990-4005-4020-4035-4050-4065-4080-4095-4110-4125-4140-4155-4170-4185-4200-4215-4230-4245-4260-4275-4290-4305-4320-4335-4350-4365-4380-4395-4410-4425-4440-4455-4470-4485-4500-4515-4530-4545-4560-4575-4590-4605-4620-4635-4650-4665-4680-4695-4710-4725-4740-4755-4770-4785-4800-4815-4830-4845-4860-4875-4890-4905-4920-4935-4950-4965-4980-4995-5010-5025-5040-5055-5070-5085-5100-5115-5130-5145-5160-5175-5190-5205-5220-5235-5250-5265-5280-5295-5310-5325-5340-5355-5370-5385-5400-5415-5430-5445-5460-5475-5490-5505-5520-5535-5550-5565-5580-5595-5610-5625-5640-5655-5670-5685-5700-5715-5730-5745-5760-5775-5790-5805-5820-5835-5850-5865-5880-5895-5910-5925-5940-5955-5970-5985-6000-6015-6030-6045-6060-6075-6090-6105-6120-6135-6150-6165-6180-6195-6210-6225-6240-6255-6270-6285-6300-6315-6330-6345-6360-6375-6390-6405-6420-6435-6450-6465-6480-6495-6510-6525-6540-6555-6570-6585-6600-6615-6630-6645-6660-6675-6690-6705-6720-6735-6750-6765-6780-6795-6810-6825-6840-6855-6870-6885-6900-6915-6930-6945-6960-6975-6990-7005-7020-7035-7050-7065-7080-7095-7110-7125-7140-7155-7170-7185-7200-7215-7230-7245-7260-7275-7290-7305-7320-7335-7350-7365-7380-7395-7410-7425-7440-7455-7470-7485-7500-7515-7530-7545-7560-7575-7590-7605-7620-7635-7650-7665-7680-7695-7710-7725-7740-7755-7770-7785-7800-7815-7830-7845-7860-7875-7890-7905-7920-7935-7950-7965-7980-7995-8010-8025-8040-8055-8070-8085-8100-8115-8130-8145-8160-8175-8190-8205-8220-8235-8250-8265-8280-8295-8310-8325-8340-8355-8370-8385-8400-8415-8430-8445-8460-8475-8490-8505-8520-8535-8550-8565-8580-8595-8610-8625-8640-8655-8670-8685-8700-8715-8730-8745-8760-8775-8790-8805-8820-8835-8850-8865-8880-8895-8910-8925-8940-8955-8970-8985-9000-9015-9030-9045-9060-9075-9090-9105-9120-9135-9150-9165-9180-9195-9210-9225-9240-9255-9270-9285-9300-9315-9330-9345-9360-9375-9390-9405-9420-9435-9450-9465-9480-9495-9510-9525-9540-9555-9570-9585-9600-9615-9630-9645-9660-9675-9690-9705-9720-9735-9750-9765-9780-9795-9810-9825-9840-9855-9870-9885-9900-9915-9930-9945-9960-9975-9990-10005-10020-10035-10050-10065-10080-10095-10110-10125-10140-10155-10170-10185-10200-10215-10230-10245-10260-10275-10290-10305-10320-10335-10350-10365-10380-10395-10410-10425-10440-10455-10470-10485-10500-10515-10530-10545-10560-10575-10590-10605-10620-10635-10650-10665-10680-10695-10710-10725-10740-10755-10770-10785-10800-10815-10830-10845-10860-10875-10890-10905-10920-10935-10950-10965-10980-10995-11010-11025-11040-11055-11070-11085-11100-11115-11130-11145-11160-11175-11190-11205-11220-11235-11250-11265-11280-11295-11310-11325-11340-11355-11370-11385-11400-11415-11430-11445-11460-11475-11490-11505-11520-11535-11550-11565-11580-11595-11610-11625-11640-11655-11670-11685-11700-11715-11730-11745-11760-11775-11790-11805-11820-11835-11850-11865-11880-11895-11910-11925-11940-11955-11970-11985-12000-12015-12030-12045-12060-12075-12090-12105-12120-12135-12150-12165-12180-12195-12210-12225-12240-12255-12270-12285-12300-12315-12330-12345-12360-12375-12390-12405-12420-12435-12450-12465-12480-12495-12510-12525-12540-12555-12570-12585-12600-12615-12630-12645-12660-12675-12690-12705-12720-12735-12750-12765-12780-12795-12810-12825-12840-12855-12870-12885-12900-12915-12930-12945-12960-12975-12990-13005-13020-13035-13050-13065-13080-13095-13110-13125-13140-13155-13170-13185-13200-13215-13230-13245-13260-13275-13290-13305-13320-13335-13350-13365-13380-13395-13410-13425-13440-13455-13470-13485-13500-13515-13530-13545-13560-13575-13590-13605-13620-13635-13650-13665-13680-13695-13710-13725-13740-13755-13770-13785-13800-13815-13830-13845-13860-13875-13890-13905-13920-13935-13950-13965-13980-13995-14010-14025-14040-14055-14070-14085-14100-14115-14130-14145-14160-14175-14190-14205-14220-14235-14250-14265-14280-14295-14310-14325-14340-14355-14370-14385-14400-14415-14430-14445-14460-14475-14490-14505-14520-14535-14550-14565-14580-14595-14610-14625-14640-14655-14670-14685-14700-14715-14730-14745-14760-14775-14790-14805-14820-14835-14850-14865-14880-14895-14910-14925-14940-14955-14970-14985-15000-15015-15030-15045-15060-15075-15090-15105-15120-15135-15150-15165-15180-15195-15210-15225-15240-15255-15270-15285-15300-15315-15330-15345-15360-15375-15390-15405-15420-15435-15450-15465-15480-15495-15510-15525-15540-15555-15570-15585-15600-15615-15630-15645-15660-15675-15690-15705-15720-15735-15750-15765-15780-15795-15810-15825-15840-15855-15870-15885-15900-15915-15930-15945-15960-15975-15990-16005-16020-16035-16050-16065-16080-16095-16110-16125-16140-16155-16170-16185-16200-16215-16230-16245-16260-16275-16290-16305-16320-16335-16350-16365-16380-16395-16410-16425-16440-16455-16470-16485-16500-16515-16530-16545-16560-16575-16590-16605-16620-16635-16650-16665-16680-16695-16710-16725-16740-16755-16770-16785-16800-16815-16830-16845-16860-16875-16890-16905-16920-16935-16950-16965-16980-16995-17010-17025-17040-17055-17070-17085-17100-17115-17130-17145-17160-17175-17190-17205-17220-17235-17250-17265-17280-17295-17310-17325-17340-17355-17370-17385-17400-17415-17430-17445-17460-17475-17490-17505-17520-17535-17550-17565-17580-17595-17610-17625-17640-17655-17670-17685-17700-17715-17730-17745-17760-17775-17790-17805-17820-17835-17850-17865-17880-17895-17910-17925-17940-17955-17970-17985-18000-18015-18030-18045-18060-18075-18090-18105-18120-18135-18150-18165-18180-18195-18210-18225-18240-18255-18270-18285-18300-18315-18330-18345-18360-18375-18390-18405-18420-18435-18450-18465-18480-18495-18510-18525-18540-18555-18570-18585-18600-18615-18630-18645-18660-18675-18690-18705-18720-18735-18750-18765-18780-18795-18810-18825-18840-18855-18870-18885-18900-18915-18930-18945-18960-18975-18990-19005-19020-19035-19050-19065-19080-19095-19110-19125-19140-19155-19170-19185-19200-19215-19230-19245-19260-19275-19290-19305-19320-19335-19350-19365-19380-19395-19410-19425-19440-19455-19470-19485-19500-19515-19530-19545-19560-19575-19590-19605-19620-19635-19650-19665-19680-19695-19710-19725-19740-19755-19770-19785-19800-19815-19830-19845-19860-19875-19890-19905-19920-19935-19950-19965-19980-19995-20010-20025-20040-20055-20070-20085-20100-20115-20130-20145-20160-20175-20190-20205-20220-20235-20250-20265-20280-20295-20310-20325-20340-20355-20370-20385-20400-20415-20430-20445-20460-20475-20490-20505-20520-20535-20550-20565-20580-20595-20610-20625-20640-20655-20670-20685-20700-20715-20730-20745-20760-20775-20790-20805-20820-20835-20850-20865-20880-20895-20910-20925-20940-20955-20970-20985-21000-21015-21030-21045-21060-21075-21090-21105-21120-21135-21150-21165-21180-21195-21210-21225-21240-21255-21270-21285-21300-21315-21330-21345-21360-21375-21390-21405-21420-21435-21450-21465-21480-21495-21510-21525-21540-21555-21570-21585-21600-21615-21630-21645-21660-21675-21690-21705-21720-21735-21750-21765-21780-21795-21810-21825-21840-21855-21870-21885-21900-21915-21930-21945-21960-21975-21990-22005-22020-22035-22050-22065-22080-22095-22110-22125-22140-22155-22170-22185-22200-22215-22230-22245-22260-22275-22290-22305-22320-22335-22350-22365-22380-22395-22410-22425-22440-22455-22470-22485-22500-22515-22530-22545-22560-22575-22590-22605-22620-22635-22650-22665-22680-22695-22710-22725-22740-22755-22770-22785-22800-22815-22830-22845-22860-22875-22890-22905-22920-22935-22950-22965-22980-22995-23010-23025-23040-23055-23070-23085-23100-23115-23130-23145-23160-23175-23190-23205-23220-23235-23250-23265-23280-23295-23310-23325-23340-23355-23370-23385-23400-23415-23430-23445-23460-23475-23490-23505-23520-23535-23550-23565-23580-23595-23610-23625-23640-23655-23670-23685-23700-23715-23730-23745-23760-23775-23790-23805-23820-23835-23850-23865-23880-23895-23910-23925-23940-23955-23970-23985-24000-24015-24030-24045-24060-24075-24090-24105-24120-24135-24150-24165-24180-24195-24210-24225-24240-24255-24270-24285-24300-24315-24330-24345-24360-24375-24390-24405-24420-24435-24450-24465-24480-24495-24510-24525-24540-24555-24570-24585-24600-24615-24630-24645-24660-24675-24690-24705-24720-24735-24750-24765-24780-24795-24810-24825-24840-24855-24870-24885-24900-24915-24930-24945-24960-24975-24990-25005-25020-25035-25050-25065-25080-25095-25110-25125-25140-25155-25170-25185-25200-25215-25230-25245-25260-25275-25290-25305-25320-25335-25350-25365-25380-25395-25410-25425-25440-25455-25470-25485-25500-25515-25530-25545-25560-25575-25590-25605-25620-25635-25650-25665-25680-25695-25710-25725-25740-25755-25770-25785-25800-25815-25830-25845-25860-25875-25890-25905-25920-25935-25950-25965-25980-25995-26010-26025-26040-26055-26070-26085-26100-26115-26130-26145-26160-26175-26190-26205-26220-26235-26250-26265-26280-26295-26310-26325-26340-26355-26370-26385-26400-26415-26430-26445-26460-26475-26490-26505-26520-26535-26550-26565-26580-26595-26610-26625-26640-26655-26670-26685-26700-26715-26730-26745-26760-26775-26790-26805-26820-26835-26850-26865-26880-26895-26910-26925-26940-26955-26970-26985-26995-27005-27020-27035-27050-27065-27080-27095-27110-27125-27140-27155-27170-27185-27200-27215-27230-27245-27260-27275-27290-27305-27320-27335-27350-27365-27380-27395-27410-27425-27440-27455-27470-27485-27500-27515-27530-27545-27560-27575-27590-27605-27620-27635-27650-27665-27680-27695-27710-27725-27740-27755-27770-27785-27800-27815-27830-27845-27860-27875-27890-27905-27920-27935-27950-27965-27980-27995-28010-28025-28040-28055-28070-28085-28100-28115-28130-28145-28160-28175-28190-28205-28220-28235-28250-28265-28280-28295-28310-28325-28340-28355-28370-28385-28400-28415-28430-28445-28460-28475-28490-28505-28520-28535-28550-28565-28580-28595-28610-28625-28640-28655-28670-28685-28700-28715-28730-28745-28760-28775-28790-28805-28820-28835-28850-28865-28880-28895-28910-28925-28940-28955-28970-28985-28995-29005-29020-29035-29050-29065-29080-29095-29110-29125-29140-29155-29170-29185-29200-29215-29230-29245-29260-29275-29290-29305-29320-29335-29350-29365-29380-29395-29410-29425-29440-29455-29470-29485-29500-29515-29530-29545-29560-29575-29590-29605-29620-29635-29650-29665-29680-29695-29710-29725-29740-29755-29770-29785-29800-29815-29830-29845-29860-29875-29890-29905-29920-29935-29950-29965-29980-29995-30010-30025-30040-30055-30070-30085-30100-30115-30130-30145-30160-30175-30190-30205-30220-30235-30250-30265-30280-30295-30310-30325-30340-30355-30370-30385-30400-30415-30430-30445-30460-30475-30490-30505-30520-30535-30550-30565-30580-30595-30610-30625-30640-30655-30670-30685-30700-30715-30730-30745-30760-30775-30790-30805-30820-30835-30850-30865-30880-30895-30910-30925-30940-30955-30970-30985-30995-31005-31020-31035-31050-31065-31080-31095-31110-31125-31140-31155-31170-31185-31200-31215-31230-31245-31260-31275-31290-31305-31320-31335-31350-31365-31380-31395-31410-31425-31440-31455-31470-31485-31500-31515-31530-31545-31560-31575-31590-31605-31620-31635-31650-31665-31680-31695-31710-31725-31740-31755-31770-31785-31800-31815-31830-31845-31860-31875-31890-31905-31920-31935-31950-31965-31980-31995-32010-32025-32040-32055-32070-32085-32100-32115-32130-32145-32160-32175-32190-32205-32220-32235-32250-32265-32280-32295-32310-32325-32340-32355-32370-32385-32400-32415-32430-32445-32460-32475-32490-32505-32520-32535-32550-32565-32580-32595-32610-32625-32640-32655-3

CLARA'S SOLILOQUY.





## CLARA'S SOLILOQUY.

'T WAS night, and Clara from her soft repose,  
 Unusual couch, by Dian's light arose,  
 Impres'd with th' awful stillness, rais'd her head,  
 Pillow'd her arm, and sighing, plaintive said :  
 Ah ! what avails each charm the world may paint,  
 The brilliant water, or the golden tint ;  
 Wealth and its lux'ries all to me are vain,  
 Like Heav'n's fair rainbow in a show'r of rain.  
 Art may direct, and Nature may design,  
 But aid is wanting without aid divine.

Drove

Drove from those climes where once Religion glow'd,  
 Which gave me all that solitude I lov'd;  
 My Shepherdess too gone, her flock astray,  
 Sure some good Shepherd still had pav'd the way  
 That led to England, where sweet Freedom blown,  
 Grafts on her stock each fav'rite child in one.  
 Adieu, ye cloister'd roofs, where th' rising sun  
 Inspir'd the matin, woke the ev'ning song,  
 Perpetual twilight reigns, a doubtful ray  
 Refractive glides through Gaul's distracted way.  
 Could th' infidel suppose that my release,  
 Annoy'd with worldly cares could give me ease?  
 Where man the foul marauder whispers nigh,  
 Deceitful as the meteor glancing by;  
 Proud of his sex, o'erbearing in his will,  
 Fond to betray, vast catalogue of ill:

Eager



Eager his neighbour's foibles to repeat,  
 The friend to ruin, and the maid to cheat !  
 To me the form of man, like some pale ghost,  
 Stalks as forbidden from his vaulted post ;  
 To earth long since resign'd, bequeath'd my breath,  
 And with this veil alike embrac'd my death.  
 Sweet peace of mind, repairer of decay,  
 The heart's best sunshine and the brightest day ;  
 Soothing each wint'ry night : The dreary pile,  
 That loads the conscience and the hours beguile ;  
 To me unknown, no such disturbs my calm,  
 Where virtue triumphs, fainted virtues warm.  
 The pamper'd mortal may supinely rest,  
 But say, their God, how rarely made their guest.  
 Cold is that breast that might give youth desire,  
 Quench'd is that spark that fans itself the fire ;

Mute

Mute is that voice that might with sweetness warm,  
 Melt like soft music, or with wisdom charm;  
 Lost are those pow'rs that might to passion move,  
 The zeal of Hermit, or a Stoick's love;—  
 The rose to him who may more haply stray,  
 Who meets the blossom in the thorny way,  
 Him may delight, when from the mossy stalk  
 Secure he plucks it in his morning walk;  
 But know, my virgin hand alone shall move  
 To my lone breast that flow'r of lawless love.  
 Pure is my bosom as the crystal stream,  
 Gliding o'er silver sands or maiden's dream;  
 No art I study, nor this arm receives  
 No snowy polish, save what Nature gives;  
 Not but these fingers have made age to glow,  
 Since first our Convent taught me how to sew.

Fasting

Fasting and pray'r, meek penitence and tears,  
 Confession gives the sure reward of years.  
 What tho' my sisters in full beauty blown,  
 Tho' Anna's features rival Mamma's own;  
 Tho' Mary's figure all that sweetness shews,  
 In these the father, in the mother those.  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry grace that fancy fir'd,  
 Flock'd all to see, and all who saw admir'd.  
 Yet minds superior to such shining toys,  
 Fled the soft mazes of bewitching joys;  
 Convinc'd, tho' chaste as ice, the prudent Dame,  
 Expos'd to crowds but ill defends her fame.  
 Fatigu'd at length such faultless vows preferr'd,  
 As e'en an Angel might have safely heard.—  
 Dozing, from 'neath her milk-white heaving breast  
 A cross she drew, kiss'd, and then sigh'd to rest.



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THE PHILANTHROPIST

AND

THE HERMIT.

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G 2





## THE PHILANTHROPIST

AND

## THE HERMIT.

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**N**IGHT reign'd supreme, and busy mortals lay  
 Dissolv'd in slumbers from the noisy day ;  
 Shades of dark umber o'er the mountains spread,  
 Which gave to Nature universal shade ;  
 While the pale moon with glimpse of borrow'd light,  
 Taper'd the cloister of the ruddy night,  
 Adraftus rose to trace the solemn way,  
 To visit Hermes at the break of day ;

At contemplation's stream he paus'd to sip,  
 While th' honey dew refresh'd the parched lip ;  
 Offspring divine ! thy all engaging charms  
 The mind of all its wav'ring doubts difarms ;  
 When thou art present evils disappear,  
 And the heart placid tells you God is there :  
 'Tis this that makes the lonely Hermit blest,  
 'Tis this that fires the Philanthropic breast.  
 Calm was the gloom, scarce e'en a bleating sound,  
 Or hootings wand'ring haunt the hollow ground ;  
 At length the morn' unfolding maiden flow'rs,  
 The modest fragrance kissing sweet devours ;  
 And the bright orb by which the world is blest,  
 Summon'd the sluggard to retire from rest,  
 And brooding all beneath his golden wing,  
 Bids the seed buried rise again to spring.

E'en the poor wretch that weather'd out the night,  
 Near the lea hedge now greets the morning light,  
 Thro' labyrinthian paths embroid'ry strew'd,  
 Painted by vi'lets tap'ring grac'd the road  
 That scented led to that sublime retreat,  
 To silence sacred, and sequester'd sweet ;  
 Th' embracing greens that form'd the holy shade,  
 Nature, grand Architect, for Hermes made.  
 The wicket fir'd with orient sparkling gold,  
 Wrapt the lone circle in a burnish'd fold ;  
 Hermes in pray'r had just retir'd from rest,  
 With eyes uplifted to the blazing east,  
 With pious look survey'd the brilliant ray,  
 As leading upward to a fairer day.—  
 On stool of velvet which the moss had made,  
 Devoutly kneeling, Hermes fervent pray'd ;



The dew drop spangled o'er his hoary head,  
 Like cobweb silver'd on the grassy mead;  
 Devotion gave his manly cheeks a glow,  
 From whence descending play'd his beard of snow;  
 Well fortifi'd the soul from slavish sin,  
 The light without gave mental light within.  
 Such was the index of his heav'nly mind,  
 His words appear'd to bleach upon the wind,  
 While murm'ring hives salute the leafy bow'rs,  
 Sip the wild thyme, or cull the purple flow'rs;  
 While kaving rooks and birds on ev'ry spray  
 Hail the Great Parent of the new-born day.—  
 Hermes arose, and venerably great,  
 Bow'd, and approaching op'd the latchet gate.  
 A root of oak whose branches time had beat,  
 Elbow'd by chance, commodious form'd a seat.

A mound

A mound high rais'd, on which dry'd fruits were plac'd,  
 Serv'd as a table and a rich repast ;  
 Now giving thanks, the holy water stray'd,  
 Gliding along the tracks that age had made ;  
 The breeze appear'd with frankincense to smoke,  
 That gather'd humid kisses as he spoke :  
 Adrastus silent stood, felt ev'ry moan,  
 Soon found the tear had mollified his own.  
 Hermes gaz'd on him, and in feeble tone,  
 Compose thyself, he cried, my pray'r is done.  
 Drink of my spring, with me partake and eat  
 Of this more homely, yet more heav'nly treat.  
 The modest nectar sparkled in the bowl,  
 Pure as the chrystal of his copious soul.  
 My cell, he said, no envious tongue invades,  
 Nor vice grown strong preponderate persuades.

Let

Let reason, son, assume her awful sway,  
 Man's duty is submissive to obey;  
 Let ev'ry thought in soft meand'ring glide,  
 Laving the bosom with their wholesome tide;  
 No solid joy men here on earth can know,  
 But what from these superior fountains flow.  
 Art thou come here to learn of me to live?  
 If so, these blessings thankfully receive;  
 Here know the mind dilucid sleeps at ease,  
 Soars above earth, and all the world's disease.  
 Knowledge no sin begets, distress no scorn,  
 The fairest blossom blooms on ev'ry thorn;  
 E'en those, my son, who are of greatness vain,  
 Lead ragged av'rice in their splendid train:  
 Hence are all evils in that one combin'd,  
 Dire epidemic madness of mankind.

Hence



Hence what they call the tyrant Death alarms,  
 Death cold awakes with all his sick'ning qualms;  
 Hurl'd from their pictur'd sky they hear their knell,  
 And conscience, deadly conscience, proves their hell.  
 What bliss to man, my son, where envy reigns,  
 Preys on the heart, and leads the mind in chains;  
 Where Heav'n-born justice is become a trade,  
 Where virtue shuns the very laws she made.  
 What bliss to man who knows no hour of rest,  
 Who blesses no man can be never blest;  
 In vice absorb'd, in bold transgression strong,  
 Fears not to do his nearest neighbour wrong.  
 Thrice happy then the Hermit here alone,  
 Dead to the world, to all the world unknown.  
 In golden dreams the God of Nature steals,  
 And the bright sun of innocence reveals;

This

This cheers that moment you would wish away,  
 To me, my son, a grand rejoicing day!—  
 Hold, Rev'rend Father, good Adrastus said,  
 Think not in me that ev'ry virtue's fled!  
 That Pow'r I rev'rence whence your goodness flows,  
 Nor would intrude on this your calm repose;  
 But tell me, Hermes, with a fortune clear,  
 Now call'd my own, five thousand pounds a year,  
 Cannot Adrastus, think you, do some good,  
 More so than if sequester'd in thy wood?  
 Example give the profligate and vain,  
 Feed the distress'd, and live a life of gain?  
 Gain that applause which you from Heav'n may boast,  
 And which, I trust, Adrastus has not lost?  
 Thus may the worldly man rich comforts heap,  
 And e'en from wealth a certain blessing reap.

Adrastus,

Adraftus, no! impossible for man,  
 If worldly minded, to pursue that plan;  
 The will tho' good, with good cannot keep pace,  
 When pleasure shews her all-alluring face.  
 What tho' for miles your large domains you view,  
 Is not th' idea magnified too!  
 See you yon bearded grove in wavy pride?  
 I court it not, because to me deny'd:  
 But learn, the worldly man in search of bliss,  
 Grieves fore for that which never can be his.  
 Trace well those paths unknown to human fight,  
 Religion then shall yield interior light.  
 This is that wealth that gives to man content,  
 This the grand blessing first of blessings sent.  
 This hails the splendor of the rising sun,  
 Points out the warmth, and gives the shade at noon;

Fragrantes



Fragrates the grove, and vegetates the plain,  
 The barren mountain clothes with golden grain ;  
 This beauteous flow'r all may who chuse embrace,  
 And wild it grows in ev'ry desert place.  
 Hermes, content no doubt 's a boundless bliss,  
 Which they who earnest seek can never miss.  
 But still permit me, Hermes, to remark,  
 Tho' you may shine superior in the dark,  
 Yet I can feel alike that sacred light,  
 That inward shines amidst the gloom of night ;  
 That in its train a thousand pleasures bring,  
 That sportive wanton in the early spring.  
 Far be from me the splendor of the Great,  
 The shew of equipage, the pomp of state ;  
 Philosophy will ne'er herself pollute,  
 Who lives a Sensualist, must die a Brute.

Can I, a human being, altho' prone  
 To ill abroad, to evil here alone,  
 Forget that e'er I felt th' inspiring heat,  
 That bids the heart another's woes repeat.  
 When friendship calls, her virtues unconfin'd  
 Roam o'er the nobler passions of the mind,  
 Sweet'ning those hours, those more domestick charms,  
 That sooth the heart against the world's alarms ;  
 That breathe alike in kindred souls divine,  
 Through the dense cloud command the sun to shine ;  
 That sad appear, when I, alas ! may mourn,  
 Smile when I smile, and answer ev'ry groan :  
 Where one faith binds, one reason rules the will,  
 And bids the seas of angry storms be still.—  
 Son, I myself once knew your fav'rite world,  
 Was in the vortex of each passion hurl'd,

Join'd

Join'd in the dance, and revell'd in the throng,  
 Leading the hours insensibly along ;  
 Alike pursu'd your eligible plan,  
 But still I found, I found ungrateful man,  
 Found to steer clear, to stem the world's deceit,  
 I must at length become myself a cheat ;  
 Where'er I turn'd, where'er my footsteps led,  
 Through fields of danger, or the flow'ry mead,  
 The pois'nous drop defil'd the cobweb thread ;  
 I saw that vice a deadly conquest found,  
 Nurtur'd in cultur'd, sown in ruder ground ;  
 Saw blooming virtue disregarded pass,  
 Saw evil creep a serpent in the grass ;  
 Saw those from whom example ought to flow,  
 To bend the twig the way the tree should grow ;

Saw



Saw dread example from the parent root,  
 Nip the fair blossom of the promis'd fruit ;  
 Saw tender Mothers, by a thoughtless mode,  
 Tho' mark'd the path, pursue a different road.  
 Chill'd was my blood, and froze the purple vein,  
 Ah ! could I breathe, my son, nor feel the stain :  
 Better that man as highest Brute should rove,  
 Lord of the plain, and leader of the drove,  
 Than thus let Will his Reason disobey,  
 Reason alone that gives superior sway.  
 Learn too, my son, for I would have you know,  
 All I remark'd in this your world below ;  
 Learn then, by sloth and nurs'd by plenteous ease,  
 I found that trifles could the trifler please ;  
 Each soft enjoyment taught me to forget  
 The only labour that is truly great ;

Taught me supine to rest and idly dream  
 Of Love, that endless, though most fading theme :  
 But found the rosy fetter bound in chains  
 Alone weak maidens, or more simple swains ;  
 For when I reason'd, did I reason just ;  
 To say that Love was near allied to lust ;  
 Self int'rest too predominant was rife,  
 This rul'd the ev'ry action of my life :  
 Was I then wrong, my son, to here retire,  
 Shun the dread furnace of unhallow'd fire !  
 Father with you I now must heave the sigh,  
 Which tho' I cannot own, dare not deny ;  
 Still what, most Reverend Father, you have said,  
 Has on Adrastus deep impression made ;  
 But, as I have not yet perceiv'd the cheat,  
 Nor found each man so pregnant with deceit,

'Twould

'Twould be unjust in me to take a part,  
 Which did not meet the impulse of my heart.  
 To hear thy tale, most holy Sage, I came,  
 None are so good, but what they may reclaim.  
 But Virtue, Hermes, will continue bright,  
 Blaze like a comet 'midst the gloom of night,  
 Whether in this thy cell or glimpse of th' moon,  
 The fire meridian will be always noon :  
 Men who converse with God make God their friend,  
 Will find their God invisibly descend.—  
 Forget him not, the pious Father said,  
 His hands imposing on Adrastus' head ;  
 Accept my blessing, nor let vice prevail,  
 When Virtue swells her lactarean fail ;  
 Remember too the most luxuriant mind,  
 Enrich'd by nature, or by art refin'd,



E'er reach'd the noon of life, extinct may leave  
 A helpless race, a parent, friend, to grieve!  
 For what is life, my son! a fleeting breath,  
 Breathing at morn, at ev'ning clos'd in death.  
 Death with relentless hand bears awful sway,  
 Sweeping the dust of good and bad away:  
 Yet mark the difference! one, like orient sand,  
 Rises a sun-beam to some happier land;  
 While th' other clay-cold, barren, bears no fruit,  
 The branch all wither'd, and decay'd the root.  
 Should you then find, my son, to be at peace,  
 Like me you must embrace religious ease;  
 No aid you'll want while herbs and simples grow,  
 In fields or forests, all their pow'rs you'll know:  
 Revert to Nature and her copious store,  
 Seek these my shades, and visit me once more.

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**TO A LADY**  
**ON HER OFFERING TO BECOME SPONSOR**  
**FOR THE AUTHOR'S INFANT DAUGHTER.**

**WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.**

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TO A LADY

ONE HER OFFERING TO BECOME KNOWN

FOR THE AUTHOR'S INANT DANCING

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY



TO A LADY  
ON HER OFFERING TO BECOME SPONSOR  
FOR THE AUTHOR'S INFANT DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

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I.

**M**Y dear Lady forgive while to you I impart,  
To you, Madam my friend, the pure warmth of my  
I know not how to praise, for your virtues are such, [heart;  
Tho' I fain would say something, I fear to say much.  
Well assur'd that Philanthropy centres alone,  
Feels more blest in the gift when the giver's unknown :  
Then, O pardon my Muse, for ideas sublime,  
Bids the sentiment chaste flow from thee, Catharine.

1

Like the sun's welcome summons a bright orient ray,  
The sweet flow'r seem'd to ope as fresh blooming to day.  
For a name I soon fought, as I now do for rhyme,  
And the heart met the tongue to pronounce Catharine.

IV.

I paused awhile, viewed the cap and the robe,  
I felt much for the Child, still resigned as Job.  
A small compass at present contains all its wants,  
It asks now for but little, and that Nature grants.  
A blush fed the down cheek, the mouth pouted to say,  
Could it only but speak, as half sleeping it lay ;  
When sudden a glance of expression divine,  
E'en the infant itself, smiling, look'd Catharine.

V.

The tear, sad presage, trickled glistening like dew,  
Awakening each beauty to beauties anew.

The



The fair neck, smooth as summer, untainted by wind,  
 That oft ruffles the lily with breezes unkind;  
 But oh! tell by what means could dull sorrow be seen,  
 For ah! knowledge brings sorrow that scarce has yet  
 [been;  
 Tho' the thorn round the rose will relentless entwine,  
 Nor e'en blush to wound thee, even thee, Catharine.

VI.

Choice emblem of peace, as if winged from above,  
 Like a spright of good omen that beckons to love.  
 Sure such spirits as these must attended the birth,  
 Attended the Saviour of Man upon earth.  
 When pale night studded o'er the bright gem of the  
 [east,  
 In the blue ring of Heav'n the lone Shepherd saw blest;  
 The grand choir celestial preceded the sign,  
 Lo! Good-will was the song that you feel, Catharine.

The

VII.

The pure effence of glory ascended on high,  
 The radii illumin'd shot piercing the sky;  
 The Redeemer appear'd, the dark way to make light,  
 To restore the lorn deaf, to the blind to give sight;  
 To warm the poor wanderer, the palsied with cold,  
 To recall the lost sheep, that had stray'd from the fold;  
 To collect the sad remnants that hallow the shrine,  
 To raise pregnant with life such as thee, Catharine.

VIII.

The Babe foster'd by angels still angelic breath'd,  
 For as yet the dire serpent no poison had wreath'd;  
 Of children remember they were not forbidden,  
 For of such learn, O man ! is the kingdom of Heav'n,  
 Thus, in humble assurance, that those who believe,  
 Those baptized in Jesus, that Christ will receive;

The

The fall'n cherub I cros'd with a sprinkling benign,  
And in prayer begg'd the Lord to accept Catharine.

IX.

But vain mortals on earth must submit to their fate,  
The proud sleep with the humble, the small with the  
[great;  
The gay blossom most fragrant must soon meet decay,  
And like snow the most white melt in minutes away.  
Grant then pure that thy frame from disease as thy  
[thoughts  
May be equally free, as thy soul is from faults ;  
Unfullied from hence a life well spent resign,  
And an angel still live, live in thee, Catharine!



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**DIVES AND LAZARUS:**  
**A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE SIXTEENTH**  
**CHAPTER OF SAINT LUKE.**

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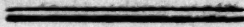
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## DIVES AND LAZARUS:

A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE SIXTEENTH  
CHAPTER OF SAINT LUKE.

**C**LOTHED in purple on a throne of state,  
 The rich man envied, most luxurious fate;  
 Linen the finest, not more curious wrought  
 The web by which the noon-tide fly is caught:  
 Viands the rarest, fruits delicious taste,  
 The palate pamper'd, and the table grac'd:  
 The cup enchas'd, the sparkling wine within,  
 Invites to poison, and gives strength to sin.

Earth



Earth sportive here presents her gifts to please,  
 This worldly being, and this man of ease.  
 Here scenes alternate varied bliss impart,  
 Here folly's warmth subdues the captive heart ;  
 Here the gale 'brofial wafts its sweetness round,  
 Here virtue loveliest adamant bound ;  
 Here all, that all may wifh, that all require,  
 Here unmolested reigns with new defire ;  
 Here lufs fupreme in wanton ringlets play,  
 Here future thoughts abforb'd in one to-day ;  
 Here vice grown comely as an Eastern bride,  
 Here all the feafons lavish all their pride.  
 Meanwhile around magnificent appears,  
 The hoarded treasure of a wreck of years ;  
 Mark where obfequious near the fopha ftands,  
 The fleep dependant waiting his commands :

While

While humbler suitors with a distant smile,  
 The smile of fashion and the glance of guile,  
 Inspir'd await to own the flatt'ring nod,  
 In adoration of their idol'd god.  
 If he approves th' enraptur'd guests rejoice,  
 Pleas'd to appear devoted to his choice.  
 Ev'n lower menials now superbly drest,  
 Rob'd in gold tissue, or in silver vest.  
 With horns and clarionets awake the dome,  
 As though great Nature said, Thy will be done;  
 To soothe the mind, to renovate the clay,  
 The clay-cold bosom, what a grand display!  
 All that could charm the eye, the ear, the sense,  
 Seem'd as ordain'd to be imported hence.  
 Thus grandeur fated gluts the splendid board,  
 Thus fared sumptuously this earthly lord:

Yet, ah! tho' rich the mask, how few can know  
 The inward pleasure by the outward show.  
 What profits then the mine's superfluous aid,  
 Ever betraying, and as oft betray'd.  
 What profits all that vainer men conceiv'd,  
 If the heart treach'rous has the soul deceiv'd!  
 If the sight waning quits its purer light,  
 If the mind tarnish'd leaves her native white;  
 Ah! then unknown that good above all cost,  
 Ne'er priz'd too much, nor too lamented, lost.  
 Unknown to melt at life's severer blow,  
 The tear of laughter drowns the tear of woe.  
 Yet curs'd that impious petrifying creed,  
 That bid's denial to another's need!  
 The peerless red that modest worth displays,  
 When the world's sunshine set, denies her rays.

The



'The glow that injur'd innocence adorns,  
 Like roses blushing in a bed of thorns;  
 Here sues in vain—ah! here in vain relies  
 On that which want requires, which wealth denies.  
 Behold a beggar then of humbler fame,  
 Though poor, yet fashion'd like his God, the same;  
 Prostrate before the lordly gate was laid,  
 Cover'd with sores, imploring crumbs of bread;  
 Crumbs that beneath this rich man's table fell,  
 For what he suffer'd language could not tell.  
 To beg untaught, save that which Heav'n design'd,  
 To wake the noblest passion of the mind;  
 Half famish'd roll'd the feeble orb around,  
 The dogs e'en pitying, lick'd the bleeding wound.  
 Hoary with age the palsied fabric shook,  
 Though weak the frame, yet still resign'd the look;

The tear ran trickling down his furrow'd cheek,  
 Empty through want, yet still too full to speak;  
 To Heav'n he gaz'd, he pray'd, he thought resign'd,  
 The fault'ring speech an index of the mind.  
 No garment here to keep the wand'rer warm,  
 No roof affords a shelter from the storm;  
 No place to rest, not where to lay his head,  
 The downy plume of human kindness fled;  
 No cordial cheers, no nutriment relieves,  
 No one reflects that he from God receives;  
 Receives t' administer, around to deal,  
 Health to the sick, to poverty a meal.  
 Knows not that while to others he gives food,  
 He feels himself the bliss of doing good!  
 But, lo! Death mounted on a meagre horse,  
 Paler than lilies, pallid as a corse.

Life's lurid lamp with wan expiring blaze,  
 Tho' late dilated, now contracts her rays;  
 Her warmth denies, her cotton near burnt up,  
 Her oil exhausted to one feeble drop;  
 Congeal'd, apparent fell, to Heav'n it flew,  
 Impearl'd and brilliant as the morning dew.  
 Poor Lazarus no more, the spirit fled  
 To Abraham's bosom bland, divinely led;  
 By God's own angels hence aerial buoy'd  
 Through vast eternity's mysterious void!  
 Intemp'rance now the fabled friend of wealth,  
 The fiend of virtue, and the bane of health!  
 Clad in a motley robe, deep crimson dyed,  
 As though the warring elements defied,  
 Ghastly appear'd before the rich man's couch,  
 Paus'd, and tho' little, said, alas! too much.



Conscience awakes him in a winding sheet,  
 Dying, he owns the fabled scene a cheat!—  
 Hark, the bell tolls! the melancholy suit,  
 The rite obsequies, and the silent mute;  
 The blazon'd hearse, the raven nodding plume,  
 The storied urn, or alabastrian tomb,  
 Death's empire denote, resign'd the breath,  
 How vain the gaudy pageantry of death.  
 To mould'ring earth the mould'ring trunk consign'd,  
 No friend records one virtue left behind;  
 Worms greedy seek the late enamel'd dust,  
 And mem'ry lambent lives alone a bust.  
 Life's placid scene which wealth once gave now past,  
 Resumes her own primeval state at last.  
 Here ends the fate of sublunary things,  
 The feast of emp'rors, and the throne of kings.

In death the wand'ring spirit finds repose,  
 Serenely summon'd to its mortal close ;  
 But when, alas ! a chilling horror pale  
 Obstructs the passage of that prosp'rous gale,  
 When the soul shrinks from that all-seeing eye,  
 That speaks a God, that owns a Saviour nigh,  
 Yet still denies that dulcet voice of truth,  
 That hails Redemption from scriptural proof,  
 The heart dissolv'd, a self-devouring flame,  
 The body wastes to live in death again ;  
 Inundated to live in liquid fire,  
 The fruit of thoughtlessness, of vain desire,  
 The curse of those who never dream of Fate,  
 Who never think, or thinking, think too late.—  
 Dives, now poor indeed, with grief surcharg'd,  
 Horror unfated, misery enlarg'd,

Reason, sage monitor, in rage awakes,  
 Distorts each membrane and unfolds her snakes,  
 To Heav'n a foe, he feels th' impending wrath,  
 Slow, but destructive as the winged moth,  
 The moth that never dies, the worm that gnaws,  
 The deadly crime condens'd that never thaws;  
 But like an eagle gripes the destin'd prey,  
 And soars triumphant in the blaze of day;  
 The body writhes with pain, the mind with cares,  
 The look distorted, mad, convulsive stares.  
 Not e'en a gleam appears of cheerful light,  
 To cheer the darkness of this livid night;  
 Save what the ghosts might yield that gliding pale,  
 Lit their own bodies with the shining veil.  
 Groans and loud yells of pealing human sound,  
 Proclaim aloud the painful earthquake round;

While



While in more surly pride the fev'rish soul,  
 Dumb, casts a sullen splendor on the whole.  
 Vengeance and fire is gulp'd in ev'ry breath,  
 Existence views one universe of death ;  
 Views the storm float in folds of blackest hue,  
 Sparks by the whirlwind fann'd expanded flew ;  
 Pregnant the cloud, big with destruction dire,  
 Bursts o'er the wretch devoted to its ire ;  
 Hell's torrents gush, in fiery streams they fly,  
 On him they fall, he would, but cannot die.  
 My God, my God, my Lord, my God, he cries,  
 Dives now pierc'd the firmament with sighs.  
 All Heav'n was open'd, and enthron'd he saw,  
 With reverential fear and distant awe ;  
 He saw, he saw a bright resplendent throne,  
 Poor Lazarus far off a brilliant sun ;

Like

Like a calm sea enlarging to the view,  
 Now fills with fear, now claims the rev'rence due,  
 The Patriarch fate divine ; like suns, a ray  
 His front encircled like a golden day !  
 Mantled in robe of everlasting white,  
 Transparent flowing as th' encircling light.  
 His snowy beard wav'd silver'd o'er with age,  
 His aspect godlike, and his visage sage ;  
 Yet Nature lovely as the world's first spring,  
 Nurtur'd beneath his outstretch'd balmy wing ;  
 The Beggar downy slept in life's fresh bloom,  
 Like infant rais'd from the silent tomb.  
 Cherubic strains of Heav'n's enraptur'd theme,  
 Rous'd blest mortals from life's hopeful dream.  
 Holy, Holy, God of Sabaoth rung,  
 The Host Angelic most divinely sung.

The

The rich man sooth'd by the superior strain,  
 For one fleet moment felt a lesser pain;  
 With tenfold force renew'd, he fainting said,  
 Have mercy, mercy, for I am not dead.  
 The Patriarch sorrow'd, awful silence kept,  
 Poor Laz'rus, gently waking, sweetly wept.  
 The pearl of mourning swell'n, the radiant tear  
 Now look'd a diamond of first water clear;  
 Sudden it left the brilliant crystal cell,  
 In all the majesty of grief it fell.—  
 Dives wept also at his dreadful fate,  
 His faded triumph, now divided state,  
 Loath'd those impurer shades which gave delight,  
 Deceitful umbrage of th' unhallow'd night.  
 In declamation mild most humbly fought  
 That fore repentance might allay the fault.

Oh!



Oh ! send me Lazarus that he may dip,  
 One drop of water cool to wet my lip,  
 To cool my tongue, tormented in this flame !  
 But Abra'm said, Remember whence you came ;  
 Son, son remember, that on earth you had  
 That good which might have made this poor man glad :  
 Him, comforted by Heav'n, exalted see !  
 But thou tormented, must tormented be.  
 A hideous gulph, besides, where tempests roar,  
 Circles the paling of Hell's dreadful shore ;  
 Tremendous gulph ! inexorable fence !  
 That they who would, they cannot pass from hence.  
 In vain you intercede, in vain you weep,  
 Death to the good in misery is sleep,  
 But to the bad a lamentable state,  
 Where, if contrition comes, it comes too late.—

Dives

Dives again midst flowing sulphur rose,  
 Down his wan face the scalding torrent flows;  
 Pangs ever recent, unexhausted store,  
 Rise like the spray, and ooze at every pore.  
 He rose in solemn sanctity of prayer,  
 Himself the mournful image of despair;  
 The blood resum'd a more than usual glow,  
 The hideous form of agonizing woe.  
 Father, he cried, with trembling piteous moan,  
 In wilder harmony of doleful tone,  
 I have, he cry'd, a father, brethren five,  
 Oh send to them while yet they may survive  
 This place of torment; Lazarus, send, I pray,  
 Lest they, at peace, should slumber life away;  
 Lest sin, the parent of excess and ease,  
 Calls forth the latent sparks of the disease;

Lest

Left they, like me, pursue a headlong course,  
 Perverted change each blessing to a curse :  
 Could they but know the punishment before,  
 They'd not in death be doom'd to suffer more.—  
 The Prophet spake—and, as in thunder loud,  
 Shook the blue mantle of the passing cloud :  
 Know you not, Dives, by Divine command  
 The Prophets wrote t' inspire the human mind,  
 The first great cause of motion from above,  
 To bind the soul in golden chains of love :  
 Let them hear them, and taste the heav'nly balm,  
 By God ordain'd to keep mankind from harm.  
 Almighty Justice frequent pauses makes,  
 But tir'd, with tenfold fury overtakes.—  
 Nay, but most holy Father, Dives said,  
 If one was sent to warn them from the dead,

They



They might in time refine the stubborn clay,  
 Repentant tears might wash the stain away.  
 The crime then o'er the punishment might cease,  
 And man though guilty once, still die in peace.—  
 Abra'am reply'd, if men, to sin inclin'd,  
 Embrace the bad, and leave the good behind,  
 Moses and all his heav'nly precepts shun,  
 In spite of all resolve to be undone,  
 Like Israel once by Heav'n's supreme command,  
 Led through waste deserts to a fruitful land  
 Flowing with milk and honey, soon forgot  
 Th' uplifted hand that brought the wand'ers out :  
 Alike in vain th' Archangel's trumpet sound,  
 Our shrouded bodies from the yielding ground,  
 Could force repentance on th' obdurate heart,  
 Or heal the tumor, or relieve the smart.

Vain

Vain then the phantom might delay the breath,  
 Delug'd in sin they'd grasp it e'en in death.—  
 All was now hush'd, sudden th' horizon frown'd,  
 The low'ring element became imbrown'd,  
 The grey mist mounting strew'd the dusky air,  
 The late high lustre spoke alone despair,  
 Till gradual th' orient landscape dies away,  
 And Dives views the last faint glimpse of day.

F I N I S.



